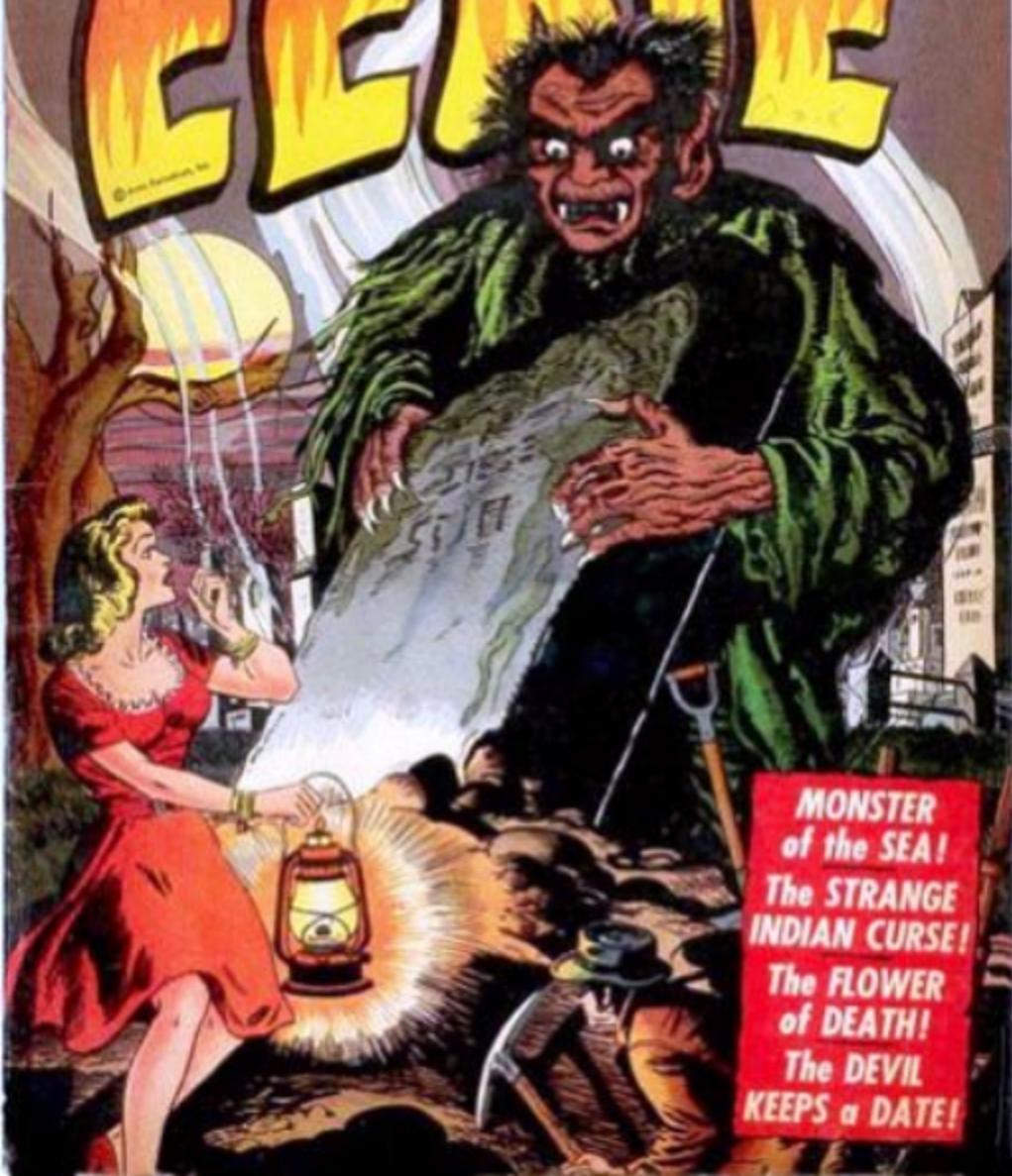


TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

10c

No. 6

ERIE



MONSTER
of the SEA!
The STRANGE
INDIAN CURSE!
The FLOWER
of DEATH!
The DEVIL
KEEPES a DATE!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



"NO MAN CAN LIVE WITH GUILT! . . . A TRANSGRESSOR IS NEVER FREE.
HE IS HOUNDED DAY AND NIGHT BY THE PICTURE OF HIS BLOODY DEED.
BUT SCOTT CALDWELL THOUGHT *HE* WOULD ESCAPE THE CURSE--THE
TERRIBLE CURSE OF....

The FLOWER of DEATH!



NO! NO!
STAY AWAY!
STAY AWAY!
I DON'T WANT
TO DIE!



ON THE HUGE LAKE OF THE CALDWELL ESTATE,
PARALYTIC MILLIONAIRE PAUL CALDWELL CASTS
HIS LINE. HIS SON SCOTT ROWS SULLENLY...

AH! WHAT A DAY!
IT MAKES ME FEEL
YOUNG AND WELL
AGAIN!

YES, FATHER!
IT IS A FINE DAY!



OH, ER, SCOTT...ABOUT
ELLEN...YOU DON'T INTEND
TO GO THROUGH WITH THAT
MARRIAGE, DO YOU?

YES,
FATHER! I
INTEND TO
MARRY ELLEN!
THE SOONER
THE BETTER!



SCOTT--YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE! IF YOU MARRY ELLEN AND LEAVE ME ALONE, I'LL DISINHERIT YOU!

YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

OH, WOULDN'T I? I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT! SCOTT! SIT DOWN! YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT! SIT DOWN, I SAID!

I'M THROUGH TAKING ORDERS FROM YOU! I'M TIRED OF WATCHING OVER YOU LIKE A SICK PUPPY.. I HATE YOU AND I REFUSE TO LET YOU RUIN MY LIFE!

NO, SCOTT! DON'T! I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID! PLEASE...

SORRY, FATHER - I'M GOING TO HAVE WHAT I WANT AT LAST!

SCOTT! SAVE ME. PLEASE! DON'T LET ME DROWN! PLEASE!!

I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING-- HELP ME! HELP ME!



MINUTES LATER SCOTT DRAGS HIS DEAD FATHER ASHORE...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK ACCIDENTAL...

HELP!
HELP!



AT THE INQUEST PAUL CALDWELL'S DEATH IS RULED ACCIDENTAL. THEN, AS MOURNERS ARRIVE...

THE LEAST WE COULD DO FOR HIM WAS TO FULFILL HIS LAST WISHES... TO BE BURIED IN HIS FULL DRESS SUIT WITH A WHITE CARNATION!

EASY, SCOTT! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! YOUR FATHER SUFFERED! MAYBE THIS WAS FOR THE BEST!



DON'T TAKE HIM FROM ME! DAD! DAD!

I HATE YOU!



SOME WEEKS LATER...

SCOTT, DARLING, ISN'T IT TOO SOON AFTER YOUR FATHER'S DEATH? WE CAN WAIT TO BE MARRIED!

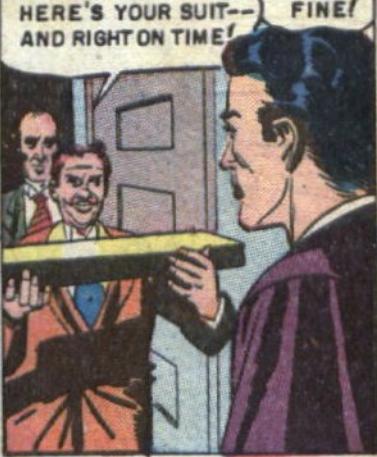
DAD WANTED IT THIS WAY, DEAREST! HE PASSED AWAY IN MY ARMS SAYING-- "SCOTT, MARRY ELLEN-- SHE'S A GOOD GIRL. DON'T DELAY!"



A MONTH LATER, A DAY BEFORE THE BIG EVENT, SCOTT'S TAILORS ARRIVE...

AH, MR. CALDWELL! HERE'S YOUR SUIT-- AND RIGHT ON TIME!

FINE! FINE!



WONDERFUL FIT, MR. CALDWELL! IT'S GORGEOUS... GORGEOUS!



IT FITS VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN, VERY--- NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



THE WHITE CARNATION! WHAT'S WRONG, MR. CALDWELL? NO! NO!



WHY DID YOU PUT A
CARNATION IN THE LAPEL?
WHY? TELL ME! TELL ME!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
MR. CALDWELL! THERE'S
NO CARNATION ON
THAT COAT!

GET OUT!
GET OUT!



THAT NIGHT SCOTT CAN'T SLEEP... HE TOSSES
AND TURNS... SUDDENLY THE DARKNESS IS PENE-
TRATED BY WEIRD SOUNDS...

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT? WHY DID
YOU DO IT, SCOTT?

W-WHAT'S
THAT?



THIS MUD! THE SAME
DIRT THAT COVERS FATHER'S
GRAVE! IT CAN'T BE!

HORROR-STRICKEN AND BEWILDERED, SCOTT
SOON FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN FRONT OF
HIS FATHER'S GRAVE...

WE'LL SOON
GET BEHIND THIS
MYSTERY!



LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, SCOTT DIGS FURIOUSLY!

A... LITTLE MORE...
(UGH)... A LITTLE...
MORE...

PAUL CALDWELL

FINALLY, SCOTT REACHES THE CASKET, AND
OPENING IT, DISCOVERS...

THE CARNATION
STILL LIVES! NO,
IT CAN'T BE!

SCOTT GRABS THE SHOVEL
AND BEGINS TO COVER THE
GRAVE! THEN HE HEARS IT
ONCE AGAIN...

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?
WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?

HIS WHEEL CHAIR! HIS
VOICE! IT'S DRIVING
ME CRAZY!

HIS WHEEL CHAIR HAS
BEEN HERE... BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S DEAD!

HELP ME! HELP ME! THIS
ISN'T REAL...

REACHING THE SAFETY OF HIS ROOM,
SCOTT SLUMPS INTO AN EASY CHAIR...

THE NEXT MORNING, SCOTT'S BUTLER
ENTERS THE ROOM...

NO! NO! DON'T... I... SIR, THE GUESTS ARE
ARRIVING! IT'S TIME
YOU DRESSED FOR
YOUR WEDDING!



SCOTT RISES SLOWLY...AFRAID TO LOOK AT THE DRESS SUIT! BUT WHEN JAMES TAKES IT OUT OF THE CLOSET...

NO, SIR! THAT'S JUST WHY, IT'S FRESHLY THE WAY YOUR TAILORS PRESSED! DID YOU PRESS IT? DID YOU PRESS IT, JAMES?

AN HOUR LATER...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD NIGHTMARE! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED ALL OF IT!

...IS THERE ANY REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULDN'T BE JOINED IN HOLY MATRIMONY? SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!



YES, SCOTT MURDERED ME!
SCOTT MURDERED ME! SCOTT
MURDERED ME...

IT ISN'T TRUE!
HE DIDN'T WANT
ME TO MARRY!
DON'T LISTEN
TO HIM...

SCOTT! WHAT'S
WRONG? THERE'S
NO ONE HERE!
NO ONE SAID
ANYTHING!



THE CARNATION!
THE CARNATION!
NO! I HAD TO
KILL HIM! I
HAD TO KILL
MY FATHER!

SCOTT!
WHAT ARE
YOU SAY-
ING? WHAT
CARNATION?



SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE...
I'VE GOT TO... HIS
WHEEL CHAIR...IT'S
FOLLOWING ME!



RUNNING WILDLY TOWARD THE LAKE, SCOTT TURNS HIS HEAD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EERIE SQUEAK. SUDDENLY, HIS FOOT CATCHES, AND...

IT'LL GET ME...OHHHHHHH!



SCOTT FALLS INTO THE CHILLED WATERS OF THE LAKE...AND HIS BODY SLOWLY SINKS AND SINKS AND SINKS...



...AND SOON, A WHITE OBJECT RISES TO THE SURFACE AND FLOATS OUT, AND THEN DISAPPEARS... A WHITE CARNATION!



-END-

*Be the
MASTER
not the slave!*
Defend

YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

Learn this Quick, Easy Way

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

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Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

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YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH SATAN! FICTION AND LEGEND TELL US THAT MANY MEN HAVE TRIED, BUT THEY HAVE ALL ENDED UP IN THE SAME PLACE! AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HOMER CARMICHAEL UNSUSPECTINGLY STRIKES UP A BARGAIN WITH THE MAN IN THE RED SUIT?

the DEVIL KEEPS a DATE!



HOMER CARMICHAEL, A WEAK LITTLE MAN, HAS ONLY ONE ENJOYMENT OUT OF LIFE...HIS PUNCTUALITY. IN ALL HIS YEARS AT HASKIN'S HARDWARE, INC., HE HAS NEVER BEEN LATE OR ABSENT. NOW, AT BREAKFAST...



BREAKFAST IS FINISHED, AND AT PRECISELY 8:01 HOMER IS AT THE DOOR, READY TO LEAVE...



LATER, AS HOMER ENTERS THE ELEVATOR...

MORNING, MR. CAR-MICHAEL! RIGHT ON TIME AGAIN, EH?

I'M ALWAYS ON TIME, JACK!



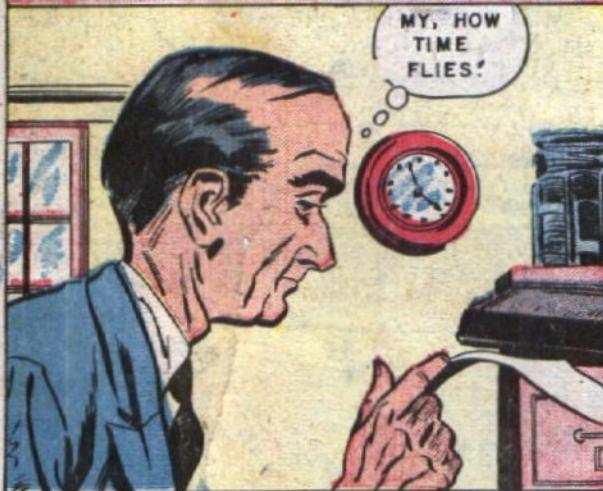
THAT AFTERNOON AT LUNCH...

HOMER, HOW CAN YOU STAND SUCH A RIGID SCHEDULE! DRINK, OTHERS TO GAMBLE! IT EXCITES THEM! WELL, THIS EXCITES ME JUST AS MUCH! IT'S A CHALLENGE AND IT'S GONE ON FOR SO LONG, IT WOULD KILL ME TO BREAK IT! OH, OH! TIME WE STARTED BACK!



THE TIME IS 4:55, AND EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME HOMER STARTS CLEANING UP, READY TO GO HOME...

MY, HOW TIME FLIES!



OH, HOMER, WILL YOU STEP INTO MY OFFICE FOR A MOMENT?

BUT, MR. HASKINS, IT'S ALREADY... YES, SIR, IF IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT...



DON'T WORRY, HOMER! THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!

SURPRISE!



HOMER, YOU'VE BEEN A LOYAL EMPLOYEE FOR 22 YEARS, NEVER OUT A SINGLE DAY, OR LATE! THIS PARTY IS IN YOUR HONOR!

T-THANK YOU, MR. HASKINS. NOW I'LL NEVER GET HOME ON TIME! HELEN WILL WORRY... MY RECORD IS SHATTERED... WHY DID HE EVER MAKE THIS PARTY FOR ME?



SOME TIME PASSES, AND HOMER IS LOST... HIS GREAT RECORD FOR PUNCTUALITY IS SHATTERED...

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW...

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY LONGER!

C'MON, HOMER, ENJOY YOURSELF!



THIS IS MY DAY, ALL RIGHT! I WISH THIS DAY COULD BE BLOTTED OUT OF MY LIFE...

HOMER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHAT GOT INTO HIM?



I CAN'T GO HOME NOW!
I COULD NEVER FACE HELEN!
LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING... MY GREATEST PLEASURE IS GONE...



WHAT'LL IT BE, CHUM?

A BAR? HOW DID I GET--?
OH....ER... A GLASS OF BEER,
PLEASE!



HERE Y'ARE, SIR...
HEY! DIDN'T I
TELL YA BEFORE
TO STAY OUTA
HERE? NOW,
SCRAM, YA
BUM!

MISTER, WOULD
YOU STAKE ME
TO A BEER?
OF COURSE!
BARTENDER,
GIVE THIS
MAN A
BEER!



I SURE APPRECIATE THIS! M'NAME'S BARNEY BEE! ANY TIME I CAN HELP YA, DONT HESITATE!

MY NAME'S HOMER CAR-MICHAEL, AND I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE CAN HELP ME!



THERE AIN'T A THING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN'T BE DONE! WHAT'S TROUBLIN' YA?

WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS...



HOMER TELLS HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND HIS TRAGIC TALE...

CAN YOU IMAGINE? AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, ONE LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY...

LOOK, HOMER! I CAN HELP YOU! JUST GO HOME...AND WHEN YOU WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING, IT'LL BE TODAY! YOUR RECORD WILL BE INTACT!



ONE BEER IS ENOUGH TO MAKE HOMER CAR-MICHAEL DROWSY, AND SOON HE IS IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE...

H'MMM! WHO'S HE TRYING TO KID? WAKE UP TOMORROW AND IT WILL BE TODAY! POPPYCOCK! WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GO IN!



WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'VE BEEN GONE ALL EVENING AND HELEN DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE IT! SHE HAS THE GALL TO THROW A PARTY! I'LL SPEAK TO HER IN THE MORNING!



THROUGH FORCE OF HABIT, HOMER RISES AT THE USUAL TIME...

OH, HELEN, ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

WE HAD FUN, DIDN'T WE, HOMER? THE ANDERSONS ARE SUCH FINE PEOPLE!



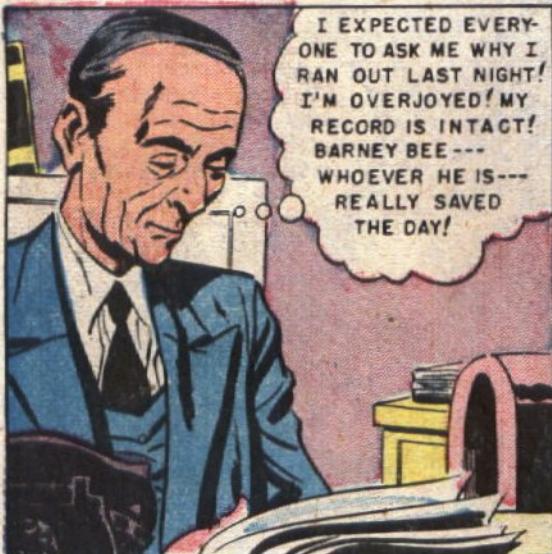
ANDERSONS? PARTY? OF COURSE! THAT ALL HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST! THEN BARNEY WAS RIGHT! TODAY IS YESTERDAY! MY RECORD IS INTACT!

HOMER, EAT YOUR BREAKFAST...YOU'LL BE LATE!

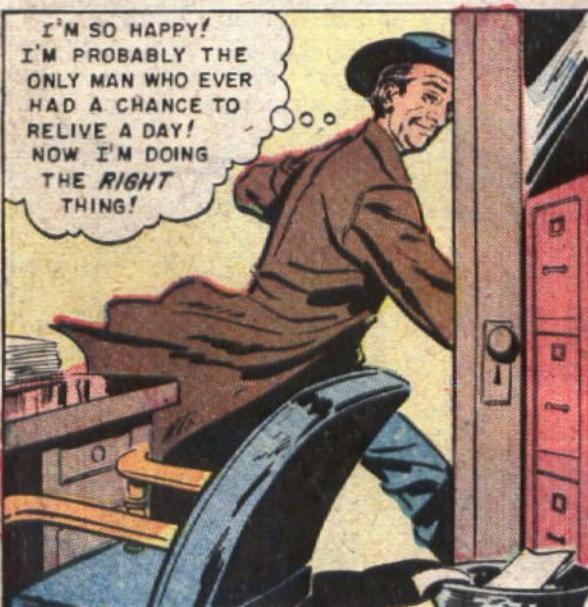


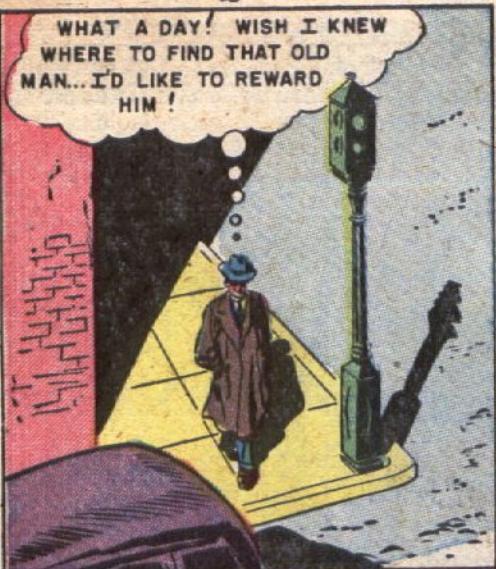
LATER, AS HOMER REACHES HIS OFFICE BUILDING.

MORNING, MR. CARMICHAEL! I'M POSITIVE NOW THAT BARNEY WAS RIGHT! JACK IS USUALLY OFF ON THURSDAYS! TODAY SHOULD BE THURSDAY, BUT IT'S YESTERDAY!



4:55, AND HOMER PREPARES TO LEAVE...

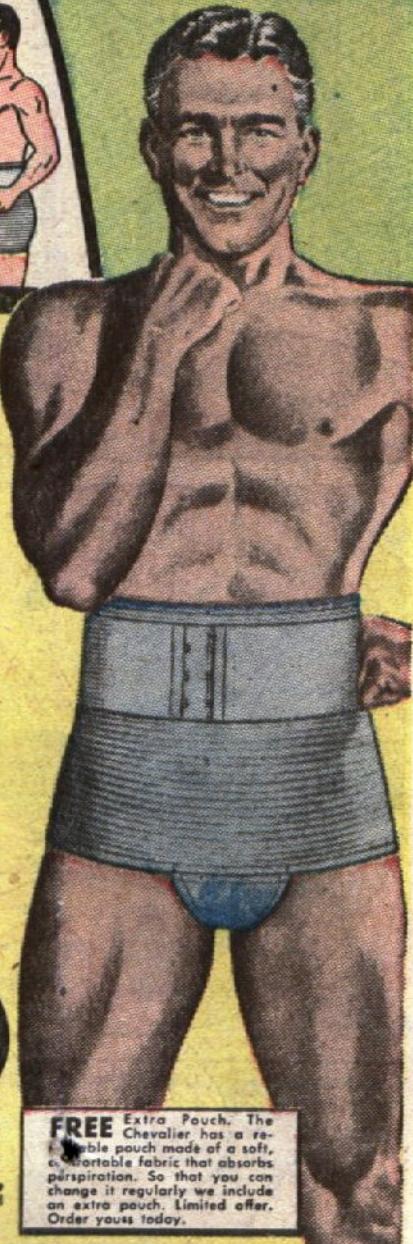




An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your floppy abdomen; yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable
support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, absorbable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc.—and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

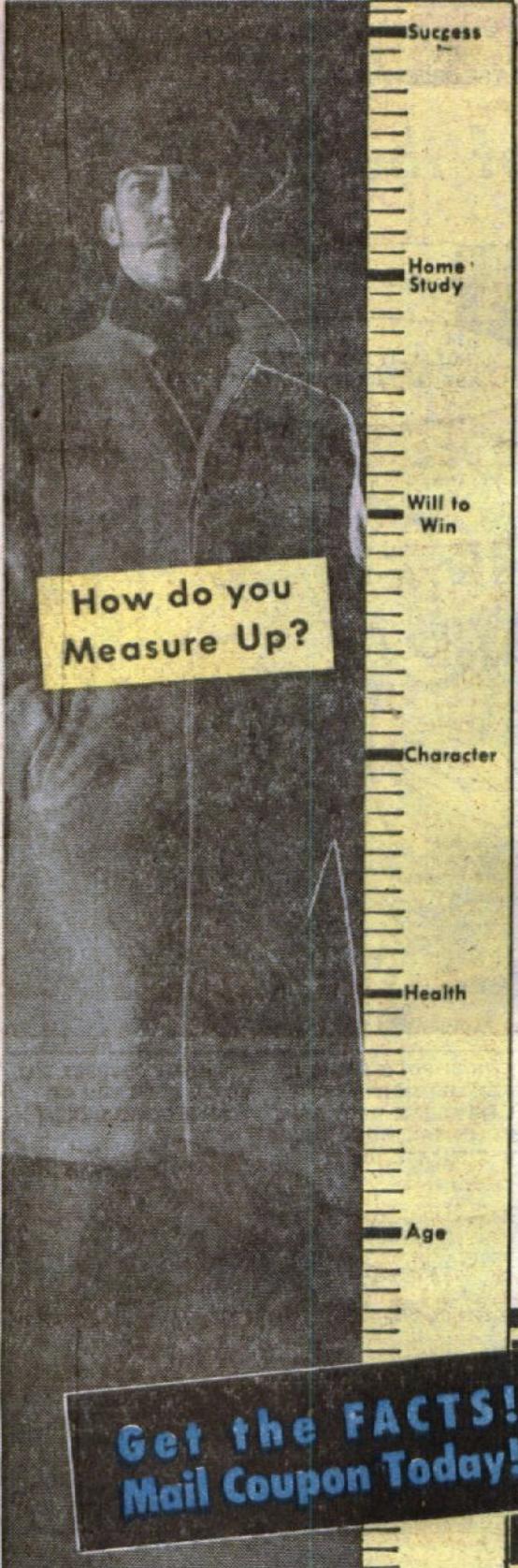
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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return the CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name
Address
City and Zone State

Save 6¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.



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Measure Up?

Success

Home
Study

Will to
Win

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Get the FACTS!
Mail Coupon Today!

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GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?**

to become a
**Criminal Investigator
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With NO OBLIGATION on your part—mail the coupon below requesting our *qualification* questionnaire. It will be sent to you by return mail. If, in our opinion, your answers to our simple questions indicate that you have the basic qualifications necessary to succeed in scientific crime detection, we will tell you promptly. Then you will also receive *absolutely free* the fascinating "Blue Book of Crime"—a volume showing how modern detectives actually track down real criminals.

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Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name _____

Address _____ RFD or Zone _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____

JONATHAN POTTS WAS A GENEALOGIST! WHEN HE WAS COMMISSIONED TO LOOK UP THE FORTESCU FAMILY TREE, HE WAS PLEASED AT THE FAT FEE IT WOULD BRING! HE COULD NOT KNOW WHAT GRISLY TERROR WAS COMING AS HE UNEARTHED THE GRUESOME...

MONSTER of the SEA!



JONATHAN POTTS LOVED HIS WORK! BUT HE WISHED THAT BIG FEES WOULDN'T BE SO FEW AND FAR BETWEEN!

I CERTAINLY HOPE THIS IS SOMEBODY IMPORTANT WHO WANTS HIS FAMILY HISTORY TRACED!



JONATHAN POTTS! THIS IS WALTER LIVINGSTON, CASTLE HILL MANOR! I WANT SOME GENEALOGICAL WORK DONE! CAN I ENGAGE YOU?

WHY, OF COURSE! I'LL CALL UPON YOU AT YOUR CONVENIENCE!

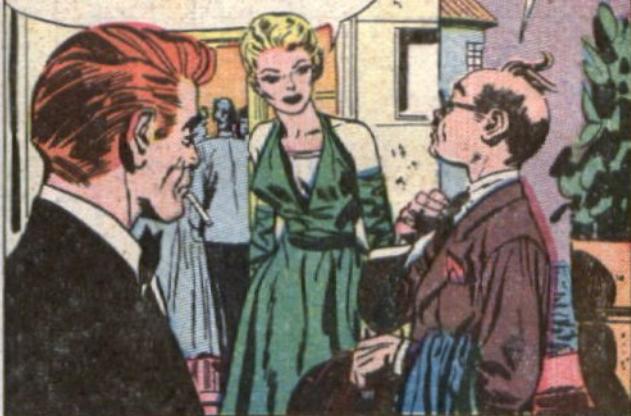


POTTS WAS DELIGHTED! HE KNEW THAT WALTER LIVINGSTON WAS A RICH MAN! THE LIVINGSTON ESTATE WAS ON THE MAINE SEACOAST, ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY...

WHAT A HANDSOME PLACE! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M AFTER!

YES, I'M VERY INTERESTED IN GENEALOGY! MR. LIVINGSTON WILL TELL YOU WHAT WE WANT-- IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

WHY, OF COURSE, MRS. LIVINGSTON!



BEAUTIFUL PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, MR. LIVINGSTON.

YES, WE LOVE THE SEA...

THE SEA IS SO FASCINATING! REMINDS ME ALWAYS OF THAT POEM, "OCEAN, THOU MIGHTY MONSTER!"

ER-- YES, QUITE SO!

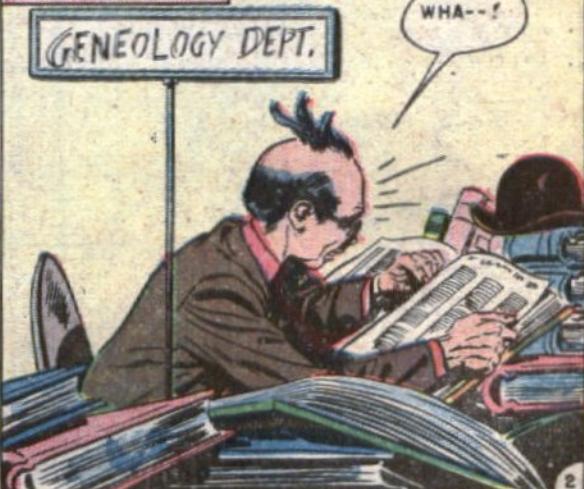
WHAT WE WANT IS A FULL HISTORY OF THE 'FORTESCU FAMILY!' THE BALKAN FORTESCU'S! I THINK-- I HOPE, IT WAS AN ILLUSTRIOS, IMPORTANT FAMILY!

BALKAN FORTESCUS! ROMANIA, PERHAPS? I'LL DO MY BEST!



CERTAINLY A BEAUTY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON! ROMANIAN BLOOD, MAYBE, WITH A STRAIN OF GYPSY!

JONATHAN POTTS CERTAINLY HAD NO PREMONITION OF THE WEIRD THINGS HE WOULD FIND, WHEN THAT NEXT DAY...



THE BALKAN FORTESCU HAD A TURGID, A TERRIBLE HISTORY! POTTS FOUND WHERE IT BEGAN, WHEN THE SWAGGERING BARON VASLOV FORTESCU RULED HIS LITTLE FEUDAL KINGDOM, IN EUROPE ON THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA!

OUT OF MY WAY,
MINIONS!

"THE BARON VASLOV
FORTESCU WAS
HATED AND FEARED
BY HIS RETAINERS,
AND HIS TENANTS!"

"THE GYPSIES WERE VERY PLEASED WITH THE PLACE! THEY HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD LEAD THEM INTO TROUBLE!"

YES! YES, SURELY!

WE HAVE PICKED WELL,
FRANTZ! WE SHALL BE
HAPPY HERE!

YES! YES, SURELY!

"BUT, SOON, WHEN THE BARON VASLOV FORTESCU HEARD OF IT..."

YES, MASTER...
THEY ARE THERE,
AT THE NORTH
BY THE SEA!

HO! WHAT IS THIS?
GYPSIES TRESPASSING ON
MY LAND? I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT!

"THERE CAME A DAY WHEN A BAND OF WANDERING GYPSIES PITCHED THEIR ENCAMPMENT ON A DISTANT PORTION OF THE BARON'S LANDS!"

YES! YES, MAKE TIA DANCE THE TARANTELLA!

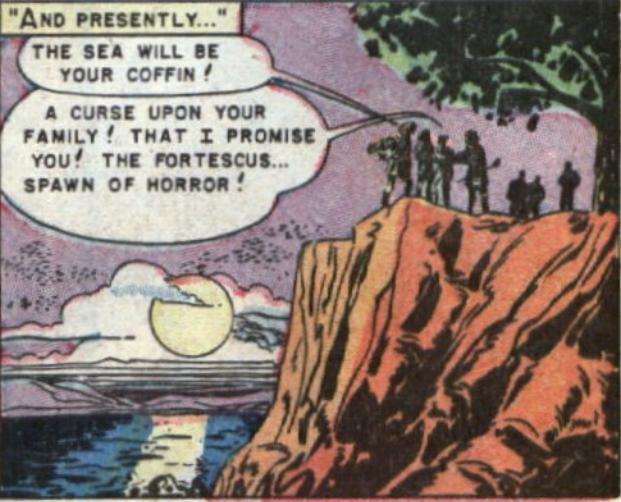
"LIKE GAY CHILDREN!"
TIA IS SO BEAUTIFUL!
TIA...WE WANT A TARANTELLA NEXT!

GET OFF MY LAND, ALL OF YOU! BE GONE!

WE DID NOT KNOW! WE ARE VERY HAPPY HERE...IF THERE IS SOMETHING...A LITTLE, PERHAPS...THAT WE COULD PAY YOU...?

I TELL YOU, I
WANT NO FOUL GYPSIES
ON MY LAND! GET
OUT OF HERE!

THE BARON'S BLOW OUTRAGED THE GYPSIES! THEIR
OLD CHIEFTAIN TRIED TO STOP THEM, BUT...



"THEN, SUDDENLY..."

TANIA! S... SOMETHING THE
MATTER WITH ME! TANIA,
YOU HEAR THE SEA...IT'S
CALLING, TANIA!

WHA...?!

"THEN THE YOUNG BARONESS STOOD GASPING, FROZEN
WITH HORROR..." HA!

HA! THE SEA CALLS
NOW! AND I MUST BRING
WITH ME THE ONE I
LOVE! WHY...WHY THAT'S
YOU, TANIA! HA! HA!

AAA/IEEEEE!



COME, FORTESCU!
COME!



WELCOME, FORTESCU!
THE FIRST OF
MANY!



"DOOMED FORTESCUS, DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS..."

HA! HA! THEY
COME TO ME, EACH
IN HIS TURN!



JONATHAN POTTS, AS HE READ OF IT ALL IN THE MUSTY OLD BOOKS, WAS SHUDDERING...

UGH! IT'S TERRIBLE!



AND THEN HE READ, "AFTER THE BARON EMIL, IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE FAMILY WENT TO AMERICA..." THAT BOOK GAVE NO MORE! HE MIGHT HAVE FOUND OTHERS, BUT...

NO! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE!



THE CONSCIENTIOUS JONATHAN POTTS WASN'T SURE JUST WHAT HE SHOULD DO... SHOULD I TELL THE LIVINGSTONS ABOUT THIS, OR JUST REPORT I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING? BUT IF I DO THAT, I'LL LOSE MOST OF MY FEE.



AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY A LEGEND! SUCH THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN, ESPECIALLY IN THIS AGE, AND IN AMERICA!



HE WAS STILL BOthered BY IT, WHEN HE DROVE OUT TO CASTLE HILL MANOR THAT EVENING...

ANYWAY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON IS A WOMAN! THE LEGEND SAID IT WAS ONLY MEN...THE ELDEST SON!...YES, I'LL TELL HER!



HELLO, THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING A PARTY OR SOMETHING! HOPE THEY WON'T BE ANNOYED AT ME COMING WITHOUT PHONING FIRST! OH, WELL...



THEY RECEIVED HIM ON THE TERRACE! THEY WERE VERY GRACIOUS ABOUT IT!

I LOOKED UP YOUR HERITAGE, MRS. LIVINGSTON! I CAME UPON SOMETHING...ER... RATHER QUEER! NOW, DON'T BE ALARMED...

JUST A MINUTE, MR. POTTS!



MRS. LIVINGSTON LOOKED UP
HER FAMILY YEARS AGO! YOU
SEE, THE LIVINGSTONS ADOPTED
ME WHEN I WAS A BABY! ALL
THEY KNEW ABOUT ME WAS MY
NAME! I AM A FORTESCU!

NO! NO! NOT YOU!
NOT YOU!

LIGHT THE CANDLES
ON THE CAKE!... HEY,
WHERE'S WALTER?

WHY NOT
ME, MR.
POTTS?
WHAT DID
YOU FIND?

OHHH! NOT
YOU! IT MUSTN'T
BE YOU!



THE END...



THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER-- GREAT GOG'S GRAVE!

The trouble with me is that I am too skeptical; I don't always believe what I hear. So, naturally, when my girl friend Dora asked me to help her look for Gog's grave I didn't stop to argue with her. I just said yes, figuring it would turn out to be a lark in the graveyard that would result in nothing more serious than some bruised shins and maybe a few stolen kisses. Anybody else in Center City would have argued with her a bit. Me, I never believe in ghost stories, and certainly not one as old as this.

The whole city had had a recent recurrence of stories about Gog. There had been some mighty mysterious footprints seen in mud on rainy mornings at the city edge where the old graveyard is. They were pretty big, I will admit, much too big for any bear or even circus giant to account for. A couple of photos taken by a newspaper man showed a foot that was maybe twenty inches long and with awfully long claw marks. Personally, I thought it was a gag—the silly season for newspaper stories starts about this time of year—flying saucers and so on.

So after those footprints were found, the newspaper writers dug up all the old legends of Gog and rewrote them for the Sunday numbers. It seems that before the first white colonists came to this section, the Indians had a legend. They

claimed there was a huge man-monster named Gog who lived nearby. This monster was like a man, only about three times as big, hairy, fanged like a wild animal, and pretty nearly immortal. The Indian legend had it that Gog had always been here—that he'd haunted the locality even before they themselves had arrived. But when it came right down to it, nobody ever admitted seeing Gog.

They located the first colonial graveyard just about where Gog's grave or cave or spot was supposed to be. That shows what little regard the founding fathers took for the redskin's folktales. For a while everything was all right. Then there came a series of midnight troubles. Something kidnapped a number of colonists—and their bodies were never found. Something broke into some houses—from the roof! Something left whopping big footprints along the roads. The colonists suspected the Indians, but they couldn't prove it. Anyway the trouble stopped after a while. About fifty years later another outbreak occurred—people missing, etc. From the records and newspaper stories, the reporters had

figured out that Gog evidently slept for about fifty years, then came out from wherever he was hiding, had himself a few citizens for supper, and went back to bed. This, they said, must have been going on for

centuries—and it was now just about fifty years since the last troubles. Gog was evidently waking up now, they concluded.

The stories gave me a laugh. I don't believe in such nonsense. Old wives' stories and fairy tales, that's all I figured them. But my girl, Dora, is imaginative. She was going to find out for herself: she had some idea of selling a good account of it to the papers. And when she asked me to join her at the old graveyard and dig for Gog's grave that night, I said sure.

So around midnight we drove my old car out to the city's edge, parked it by the old gates, and lugging a shovel and pick that Dora had borrowed somewhere, we hoofed it into the cemetery. The place was abandoned. There wasn't any watchman because nobody had been buried there in over seventy years—the colonists had used it and now it was a sort of public park, only the city had never quite gotten around to fixing it up. It was all overrun and the old flat tombstones from a hundred and two hundred years ago were mostly fallen over or unreadable from age.

Dora figured that Gog's grave was somewhere near the center. She was going to turn over the old tombstones and try to see if any of them mentioned it. Maybe the original settlers had marked the

spot the Indians thought was Gog's.

Anyway, it was a night's work, for sure, but I figured that I could snatch a bit of necking now and then and maybe Dora would be so grateful for my help she'd say yes the next time I asked her to marry me. So we set out, Dora holding an oil lantern and I carrying the pick and shovel.

We turned over a number of tombstones but didn't find anything helpful. We read a lot of funny old inscriptions, and found some graves that were maybe as old as the city. We came, finally, to one old, big slab set in the ground—the kind of slab that usually marks some bigwig. We sat on it for a while, wondering where Gog would have been. Then Dora kicked the slab idly with her foot. The thing rocked!

"Hey," she said, "what's this?" We got up and looked. Sure enough, the big slab was loose, and looked as if it had just fallen over. I pushed the pick under one end and strained. It moved slowly aside. I pushed it farther. A hole was revealed. The slab covered a hole in the ground—an opening like an open grave!

In the light of the full moon Dora and I looked at each other. She set her lantern down, got the shovel and we moved the slab all the way aside. Now we looked down. This was no mere grave. This was an entrance, for there were old, worn stone stairs going down into darkness under the ground! We looked again, wondering what to do. If it weren't that I didn't want my girl to think I was a coward, I'd have beat it out of there, but fast! I was scared. But Dora wasn't. She was only excited. She said,

"Let's go down and see where they lead to." Like a dope, I nodded.

I carried the pick and she carried the lantern and we started down those stairs. They were awfully old and worn. Down we went into the hole underneath that slab in the center of the city's oldest graveyard. We were soon below the level of the ground and still those stairs went down before us. It was dampish and I could smell the mouldy dirt of the walls around us. We were descending a sort of sloping shaft and getting deep. We went down about thirty steps and around a little curve and then we came out into a sort of little cave-like room. We looked around. It was a stone enclosed place underground, maybe about fifty feet long. There was no other exit, just the old stairs behind us leading upwards.

I breathed easier when I saw there was nothing moving down there. Nothing alive. I guess, going down those stairs, I didn't quite know what to expect. Maybe Gog. But all there was in that old cave were skeletons, lots of them.

We walked around among them. They were all bare and white and old, and maybe a couple of hundred of them. They must have been lying there for dozens of years. "I guess maybe this was a mass grave back in the colonial days," I said at last. "Maybe there was an epidemic or an Indian massacre and they buried all the bodies together."

"Y—yes," Dora said uneasily. It seemed like a logical explanation. I didn't try to figure out why one section of the room had no skeletons, only a cleared spot about fifteen feet

long with a sort of indentation in the ground as if some animal were used to sleeping there. I didn't mention it to her. She bent over, fumbling amid the dirt and scraps on the floor and then picked up something. It was a coin, just a copper cent. The light from the lantern turned on the date and we looked at it. The date was 1902. And we knew there had been no epidemic in 1902; it was the last time there had been so many mysterious disappearances!

We didn't say anything more. We just turned around and started back up those stairs. Halfway up, I started trying to talk myself out of it. "Nuts," I said, "We're acting like a couple of fools to run out without examining the cave further. I bet the cops know all about those bodies. I bet we'll just look like a couple of saps when we tell them about this. There just can't be anything like this Gog thing."

"No," said Dora, hurrying up the stairs with me, as we were nearing the top, "there must be some perfectly simple explanation. I don't really believe in that foolish old fable." We reached the surface level, and panted up the last two or three steps. "There is no such thing as Gog," Dora said.

"Oh, yes there is," said a voice. As we turned in horror, we saw the clawed hands of the monster reaching for us as he stood by the entrance to his hidden grave, the slab propped up and his great eyes gleaming hungrily and his tusked jaws opening for their first meal in fifty years!

Tomorrow the paper will report the first of a new series of mysterious disappearances. Dora and me.

RINGS

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152. Ladies' military ring. Large brilliant simulated diamond, simulated emerald, yellow or white gold color effect. Yellow or white gold mounting.



126. Men's birthstone ring. Large bezel set stone in the center. Other emerald, blue sapphires, etc. 10 Kt. gold sides on Sterling Silver mounting.



188. Ladies' wedding ring. Large bezel set stone in the center. Other emerald, blue sapphires, etc. 10 Kt. gold sides on Sterling Silver.



120. Men's massive ring. Large bezel set stone in the center. Other emerald, blue sapphires, etc. 10 Kt. gold sides on Sterling Silver.



169. Ladies' engagement ring. Large, simulated diamonds. 1/20 14Kt. gold or 1/30 14Kt. HGP.



154. Men's massive "Gold Leaf Horseshoe" ring. 6-leaf clover. White or yellow gold color effect. Sterling Silver.



146. Ladies' dinner ring. Corrugated, large, simulated diamond and many smaller stones. Sterling Silver.



114. Very Special! A GENUINE diamond! Ladies' military ring. 10Kt. gold yellow gold mounting.



172. Men's intricate design ring. Large bezel set stone in the center. Other emerald, blue sapphires, etc. White or yellow gold color effect. Also in ladies' size.



112. Men's massive ring. Large bezel set stone in the center. Other emerald, blue sapphires, etc. 10 Kt. gold sides on Sterling Silver or 1/30 14Kt. HGP.



119. Men's ring. Unusual design. 1/20 14Kt. gold or 1/30 14Kt. HGP.



182. Ladies' intricate design ring. Large, intricate, simulated diamond. Sterling Silver.



117. Men's detailed, heavy cable ring. Large 2-leaf clover, simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect.



137. Men's detailed, heavy cable ring. Large 2-leaf clover, simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect.



148. Ladies' wedding band. Matching, brilliant, simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect.



182. Men's massive ring. Large, simulated diamond. 10 Kt. gold sides on 10Kt. 14Kt. gold HGP.



138. Ladies' engagement ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond. 10 Kt. gold sides on 10Kt. 14Kt. gold HGP.



136. Ladies' exquisite wedding ring. Large, 7 matching, simulated diamonds. Fishtail setting. Sterling Silver.



150. Ladies' engagement ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 4 smaller stones. Sterling Silver.



171. Men's engagement ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 4 smaller stones. 1/30 14Kt. HGP.



170. Ladies' wedding ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 4 smaller stones. 1/30 14Kt. HGP.



127. Men's ring. Beautiful, large, about 40-size ruby over stone. Stone set in all colors. Sterling Silver.



147. Ladies' cluster diamond ring. A beautiful pen. 7 or 17 brilliant, simulated diamonds. Polished metal and simulated diamond. Sterling Silver or white gold color effect.



184. Ladies' surprise diamond ring. Brilliant, simulated diamond, a medium size and simulated diamond. Fishtail setting. Sterling Silver.



163. Men's massive red stone ring. 1/20 14Kt. red stone or 1/30 14Kt. red stone. Sterling Silver or 14Kt. HGP.



185. Ladies' fancy design ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 12 white diamonds. Yellow gold over plate.



144. Men's massive retainer's discharge ring. Heavy Sterling Silver.



146. Men's beautiful saddle design ring. Solid Sterling Silver or yellow gold color effect. Also in ladies' size.



168. Men's large square ring. Simulated garnet ring. Yellow or white gold color effect.



109. Men's signet ring with sparkling, simulated diamond. Heavy yellow gold color effect mounting.



133. Men's Viking compass ring. 10Kt. gold top or solid Sterling Silver mounting.



152. Sweetheart ring. 2 simulated rubies on simulated hearts. Yellow gold color effect.



166. Men's unique ring. Brilliant, simulated, 200 simulated diamond. Fine heavy mounting.



158. Men's Indian head ring. White gold color effect. Also in boy's size.



118. Ladies' friendship and innocence style wedding ring. 1/20 14Kt. yellow gold filled or 12Kt. gold plate. Also heavy Sterling Silver.



147. Massive compass ring. Handmade, well-made ring. In heavy white gold color effect.



174. Men's extra large ring. Extra wide, well-made ring. In heavy white gold color effect.



167. Ladies' exquisite ring. 3 large, simulated diamonds. A medium size. Sterling Silver or white gold color effect.



168. Ladies' exquisite ring. 2 large, simulated diamonds. A medium size. Sterling Silver or 10 Kt. gold simulated diamond, 2 smaller stones. Sterling Silver or 1/30 14Kt. gold.



189. Ladies' or men's lotus ring. Width 1/8". 1/4" wide. Yellow or white gold color effect.



149. Ladies' diamond ring. Unusual design. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 10 Kt. gold simulated sapphire, emerald, white or yellow gold color effect.



165. Ladies' dinner ring. Unique research design. 15 sparkling, simulated violet, sapphires, emeralds, white or yellow gold color effect.



129. Men's military ring. Brilliant, simulated 200 simulated diamond. Sterling Silver.



181. Beautiful baby ring. Solid 10Kt. solid yellow gold mounting.



121. Men's heavy Sterling Silver signet ring. Suitable for engraving initials.



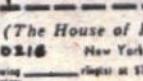
154. Ladies' birthstone ring. Corrugated, square cut, 40-size. Simulated emerald, yellow gold color effect. Also with 3 white stones.



181. Men's ring. Simulated ruby ring in coruscating 2 rows. Yellow gold color effect. Also with 3 white stones.



187. Men's massive ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 2 smaller stones. White gold color effect.



142. Men's U.S. Army insignia ring. Heavy Sterling Silver or yellow or white gold color effect.



143. Men's U.S. Navy insignia ring. Heavy Sterling Silver or yellow or white gold color effect.



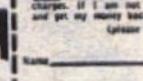
144. Men's U.S. Marine Corps insignia ring. Heavy Sterling Silver or yellow or white gold color effect.



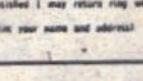
145. Men's U.S. Air Force insignia ring. Heavy Sterling Silver or yellow or white gold color effect.



146. Men's eagle ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 2 smaller stones. White gold color effect.



147. Men's lion ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 2 smaller stones. White gold color effect.



148. Men's lion ring. Large, brilliant, simulated diamond, 2 smaller stones. White gold color effect.

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THE STRANGE INDIAN CURSE



OUT OF THE DEEP FOREST, OUT OF THE LEGENDARY PAST, CAME A TORTURED HUMAN SOUL, DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH IN THE BODY OF A BEAST---

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS, BOB KENDALL AND HIS WIFE, ANNE, CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A HUGE ALASKAN BEAR...



OH, BOB, LOOK!
HE'S IMMENSE!

WOW! LET ME
GET A SHOT
AT HIM!

NO! DON'T SHOOT!
WE WILL BE
CURSED!



...IT IS THE BEAR
THAT WALKS LIKE
A MAN!

STOP IT! I'LL NEVER
GET ANOTHER CHANCE
LIKE THIS!

OH, BOB!
HE'S
GONE!



WE'VE LOST HIM!
WHAT'S ALL THIS
NONSENSE?

IT TRUE! HIM GHOST
BEAR WITH SOUL OF A
MAN INSIDE! HIM WALK
IN WOODS FOREVER!



AN OLD WIFE'S STORY TOLD BY 'ALL INDIAN' LONG-TALE! GHOSTS AGO, ALL OF FOREST OWNED BY BIG TRIBE. TRIBE'S TOTEM, SACRED THING, WAS GOLD NUGGET CALLED "EYE OF THE BEAR," WAS KEPT IN STOCKADE, GUARDED BY SACRED BEAR...



ONE NIGHT GAME YOUNG BRAVE
CALLED BIG CRAZY WOLF... WANT
TO STEAL "EYE OF THE BEAR"
TO SHOW HIS COURAGE... HIM
KILL SACRED BEAR...

HIM TAKE NUGGET TO SHOW
TO YOUNG GIRL HE LOVE...

BUT GIRL KNOW IT IS BAD! SHE
SCREAM, AND SOON WHOLE TRIBE
COME!



BIG CRAZY WOLF RUN AWAY INTO FOREST. BUT ANGRY BRAVES HUNT HIM DOWN...



IN DEEP WOODS, THEY CATCH HIM. THEY PUT CURSE ON HIM!

AND YOUR BONES SHALL BE SCATTERED IN THE FOREST! YOUR SPIRIT SHALL WALK THE EARTH FOREVER IN THE BODY OF A GREAT BEAR...



BUT, THEY NEVER FIND SACRED NUGGET...

...UNTIL A MAN OF ANOTHER RACE SHALL GATHER YOUR SCATTERED BONES AND GIVE THEM A PROPER BURIAL! ONLY THEN SHALL YOU ENTER THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!



I CANNOT STAY WHERE HE WALKS.
FAREWELL...

COME BACK HERE!

LET HIM GO, BOB. WE'VE GOT OUR BEAR! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP BEFORE DARK!



AN HOUR LATER, BOB AND ANNE ARE BACK IN CAMP...

JUST IN TIME, TOO ... IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



AND, SOON ALL IS SNUG FOR THE NIGHT, UNTIL...

BOB, LISTEN ...
THERE'S SOME-
THING OUTSIDE!

PROBABLY
JUST THE
RAIN...



LISTEN!
DON'T YOU
HEAR IT?

BY GEORGE, THERE
IS SOMETHING ...!
I'LL TAKE MY GUN,
AND...





FOR AN HOUR, BOB AND ANNE DIG DESPERATELY, SEARCHING FOR THE ANCIENT BONES---

BOB! I--I CAN'T GO ON! YOU MUST, ANNE, YOU MUST!

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO IF WE STOP NOW!

OHHHHHHH! BOB, EASY, DARLING! I... I'M GOING TO FAINT...!



THE SKULL... AND THAT'S THE LAST OF IT! BUT THE LEGEND SAID, "GIVE THEM PROPER BURIAL." WE'LL HAVE TO... DIG A GRAVE!

THERE! NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT IS TO COVER IT UP, AND THEN IT'S OVER!

OVER! BUT... BUT AFTER THAT! WILL HE...?



THAT DOES IT!
AND NOW LET'S PRAY THAT...

LOOK, BOB...
WHAT'S HE DOING...?



GOOD GRIEF!
WHY, IT'S...IT'S...
A HUGE GOLD NUGGET! HE'S GIVING IT TO US! IT'S...



THE "EYE OF THE BEAR"!!

BOB! THE BEAR!
HE'S GOING TO...!



NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE!
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE...



A A I E E E E E E E !



MOMENTS LATER, TWO SODDEN FIGURES REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS AND CRAWL SLOWLY INTO THE TENT ----

BOB! WHERE ARE WE--WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED!! I--I MUST HAVE DREAMED--ABOUT A BEAR AND--BUT HOW DID WE GET OUT HERE, IN THE RAIN!

LET ME HELP YOU, ANNE. WE MUST GET INSIDE! I DREAMED, TOO...FUNNY, IT WAS THE SAME DREAM AS YOURS...



BUT THAT'S ALL IT WAS...
A DREAM! IT MUST HAVE BEEN! SUCH THINGS
CAN'T HAP...

BOB, LOOK, DARLING,
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE
HOLDING... IN YOUR
HAND!



YOU can WIN

This big 15" Silver Trophy
as John Sill just did!



Your Name
on it.

YES! John Sill

like millions mailed me 10c and
a coupon like the one below YOU
MAIL NOW!

Let me Prove in 10 THRILLING
MINUTES A DAY I can make
YOU An ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN
ALL-AROUND
FAST — OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT
SAYS GEORGE F. JOWETT — WORLD'S GREATEST BUILDER OF HE-MEN

Let me make YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build — his mighty ARMS, his heroic CHEST, his rock-like TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field. His double energy at work.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents to become an All-Around HE-MAN?

Which One Paid Hundreds Of Dollars?



Rex Ferrus was a weakling, paid a few cents to start building at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Start to become an All-Around He-Man at home with these same secrets for only a few cents like Rex Ferrus did! Now Rex is tops in Sports, Job, Popularity, as you can see.

"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN
Like YOU can be SOONI!

5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER will make YOU an ALL-AROUND WINNER

- A Leader in Civilian Life or Armed Services.
- A Winner of Medals, Trophies, Money.
- A Winner of Success in Business, on JOB.
- A Winner of NEW FRIENDS, GIRLS.
- A Winner at ALL SPORTS, CONTESTS.

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